

## SONNET XXVI.



HE silly bird that hastes unto the  
net\*

And flutters to and fro till she be  
taken, Doth look some food or  
succour there to get,

But loseth life: so much is she  
mistaken ! The foolish fly that fleeth  
to the flame

With ceaseless hovering, and with  
restless flight, Is burned straight to  
ashes in the same,

And finds her death, where was her  
most delight, The proud aspiring boy,  
that needs would pry

Into the secrets of the highest  
seat. Had some conceit to gain  
content thereby,

Or else his folly, sure, was  
wondrous great. These did through  
folly perish all and die: And, though  
I know it! even so do I!



## SONNET XXVII.

POOR worm, poor silly worm, alas, poor  
beast!

Fear makes thee hide thy head within the  
ground. Because of creeping things thou art  
the least;

Yet every foot gives thee thy mortal  
wound. But I, thy fellow worm, am in  
worse state;

For thou thy sun enjoy est, but I want mine !  
I live in irksome night, O cruel fate /

My sun will never rise, nor ever shine. Thus  
blind of light, mine eyes misguide my feet.

And baleful darkness makes me still  
afraid; Men mock me when I stumble in  
the street,

And wonder how my young sight so decayed\*  
Yet do I joy in this, even when I fall, That I  
shall see again, and then see all!